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VOL. XXVI.

SALEM, N. C., MARCH 11, 1878.

NO. 11.

## MINE HOST'S STORY.

"Well, yes, the Indians did get pretty close to us, but I never heard of more than one being seen here," replied mine host, an intelligent young farmer in the town of L., one of the border settlements of Minnesota. "But there has been so much written about that terrible massacre, that my story will seem stale, I fear."

I thought I saw a merry twinkle in his eyes as he looked at his wife, a very pretty little woman, too young to look matronly, but not too young to be the neatest and prettiest little wife in the world.

"Oh, tell it by all means!" I urged, filling my pipe from the plethora of tobacco which he offered me.

"Well, I will," said he, after a moment's thought, during which time his head became enveloped in a cloud of blue smoke; "but I must be brief. You see, it was a much wilder spot about here than it is now. The village was simply a few straggling huts, yet improving rapidly. This house was just completed—the most pretentious dwelling for miles around; and where you see all those well-cultivated farms, and dwellings, it was an unbroken waste of land."

"Carringsford—John Carringsford owned this place then. He came from the East, where fortune had frowned upon him. Comparatively poor in his native city, where he was reckoned in these parts, where there was more land than money to buy, a perfect nabob. He was just the least bit proud of his position, putting on considerable style, yet he was a very good sort of a man at heart."

"He had a daughter—a young lady of rare personal beauty and accomplishment. To tell you that Maud Carringsford's hand was sought by nine-tenths of the young men about here, would be repeating what you have already surmised. At first, Maud treated her awkward and bashful, yet true-hearted admirers, with chilling disdain; but as time wore on she became accustomed to her new and wild life, and gradually lowered her aspirations to a proper level."

Her father, however, was not so easily influenced. You know the adage about teaching old dogs new tricks. John Carringsford had not quite shaken off the dust of his city life, and to marry his daughter to any of those country bores as he termed them, was not to be thought of for a moment. You can guess that he made it unpleasant for those young aspirants to Maud's hand.

They dropped off one by one, until only Charlie Merriman was left. He was not frightened by John Carringsford's dignity. He had seen something of city life, although he never prided himself upon the fact to tell it. He had been in the west long enough to get some of the polish rubbed off, but he had not forgotten everything. He was least objectionable of all Maud's suitors, but he wore cowhide boots, and flannel shirts, and those sort of things, and John Carringsford couldn't go him quite.

"Charlie understood all this, but he considered Maud too valuable a prize to relinquish without some efforts, and John Carringsford grew to like him, after a while, for his perseverance. No doubt he would have given Maud to Charlie, if a new aspirant had not appeared in the person of a very elegant young man, named Silas Wheeler."

"This new comer was quite a curiosity about here. He was got up regardless of expense, and to hear him talk one would suppose that he was abundantly able to buy the whole of Minnesota, and the northern tier of counties in Iowa."

"John Carringsford was taken with him at once, and he was taken with Carringsford. He became a frequent visitor at Carringsford's. It was not hard to guess that Maud was the attraction; neither was it difficult to see that John Carringsford was pleased that it was so. He gave Wheeler every encouragement, while Maud did not repulse him."

"It looked rather blue for Charlie Merriman. His friends pitied him, but he only laughed at them."

"Don't worry about me," he would say. "I am willing to wait."

"About this time the Indians began to be troublesome. Reports of their outrages were brought to us every day or two. Settlers, fleeing from a horrible death, came in singly, or by dozens and scores; and at night the sky to the north and the west of us was lit up by lurid glances, which told too plainly that the red fiends were at their desolating work. We made preparations to defend to the last the homes we had labored so hard to build up."

"John Carringsford was as much alarmed as any one, and our common danger made him one of us. Not so with the elegant Silas Wheeler."

"I am not going to stay here to be scalped," said he to Carringsford one day, when the rumors were more appalling than ever. "If you want to risk your lives with these bumbkins, of course I cannot prevent it, but I protest against endangering Maud's life by such foolhardiness."

"What would you do?" asked Carringsford, influenced by Wheeler's words.

"I would marry Maud and take her to a place of safety."

"John Carringsford did not reply immediately. The fear this child might fall into the hands of the merciless savages had troubled him more than a little, and he had thought of this same plan a hundred times. After some reflection he said:

"Set the time, Mr. Wheeler."

"To-morrow evening, replied Silas."

"I would have liked a more pretentious wedding than we shall be able to have on so short notice, but under the circumstances, it is useless now to think of it."

"Charlie Merriman overheard this conversation. He was coming to the house to contradict some false rumors of the morning, but hearing Mr. Wheeler in conversation, he hesitated about interrupting them."

"So far along as that!" he muttered, when he heard the plan; "I must see Maud at once."

"He slipped softly away from the door, and went round to the back of the house. He found Maud, and they talked long and earnestly together. Then Charlie hastened away."

Short as the time was, when the hour arrived for the wedding, in the presence of a few invited guests, Silas Wheeler led Maud Carringsford to the altar.

"Probably not one person in that room thought of Indians at that moment. All eyes were turned toward the bride and bridegroom, and silence reigned there. Just as the pastor opened his lips to commence the ceremony a blood-chilling whoop smote the ears of the inmates of that room; and the next instant a hideously painted savage leaped through the window, screaming and yelling like a thousand demons."

"The little party were taken so completely by surprise, that they fled panic-stricken from the house, supposing that they were surrounded."

"When the men recovered from their momentary fright, they rushed back into the house, but the savage was gone. He had accomplished his object, however; pretty Maud Carringsford was a prisoner. So was Silas Wheeler."

"God spare her!" prayed the father. "God save them both!"

"After this outburst of prayer, he turned to the men who stood about him, and shouted, 'To the rescue!'"

"At the end of another five minutes, a dozen mounted men were galloping away through the darkness, with John Carringsford at their head."

"They searched all night, but found no trace of the savages, or of the captives. About daylight they rode back to John Carringsford's. Charlie Merriman and Maud stood in the door."

"I have brought her back to you said Charlie."

"Carringsford's joy was too great for utterance, but he wrung Charlie's hand, and then he clasped Maud to his parental breast."

"Charlie was overwhelmed with questions, but he quietly answered:

"While you were planning I fear we shall never see him again? I tried to catch up with him, but it was no use."

"Well, we never did see Wheeler again. I don't think Maud cared much for the loss, for she soon married 'THE INDIAN.'"

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed; is it possible?"

"Yes," replied mine host. "His name was Charlie Merriman."

"This revelation came upon me so unexpectedly, that at first I did not see the point." It soon crept through my head, however, and I laughed at Charlie's ruse.

"What of Wheeler? I do not see that yet."

"He fled from the house the moment the supposed Indian appeared, mounted his horse and dashed away. By some strange oversight he took the wrong direction, and Charlie chased him until he felt sure he would not venture back. I have since learned that he reached the settlement without mishap. I have no doubt he believes to this day, he was chased by a real savage."

"And Charlie—does he still about here?" I asked.

"I have been telling you my own story," replied mine host. "Allow me to introduce to you Maud Carringsford Merriman, the heroine of the only reminiscence of the Minnesota massacre that ended happily."

We should no more lament that we have grown old than the husbandman, when the bloom and fragrance of spring have passed away, should lament that autumn or autumn has come."

Law is like a sieve; it is easy enough to see through it, but one must be considerably reduced before he gets through."

An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute action; he is neither hot nor timid."

## THE SENATE ON A DRUNK.

## A GRAPHIC PICTURE OF THE DISGRACEFUL SCENE.

[Washington Letter to Union (N.Y.) Herald.]

A more disgraceful scene than the Senate displayed during the debate over the silver bill Friday night has not been seen for years.

An all-night session is never a very creditable affair. Senators grow careless as the galleries empty. Boots are drawn off. Men lie down at full length on their seats in their stockings. Vests are unbuttoned.

All the attitudes of a railroad car at 2 a. m. are assumed. Smoking goes on all over the floor.

The doubtful jests of the cloak rooms float about among the desks. Last night matters were worse.

The Senate was unmistakably drunk. A mere small fraction was affected, but they colored the scene just as a few noisy boys make a school a disorderly school. It is not pleasant to write these things. It is worse to see them. It is scandalous to say they should happen. The Senate sat, you must remember, from noon yesterday till 5 this morning, 17 hours, a long strain on any one's patience.

Matters ran smoothly enough till between 7 and 8 o'clock. By that time a fair portion of the Senate had "dined." There was a spread in the sergeant-at-arms' room—he is an officer under charges, not wholly secure in his seat. There was another spread in a committee room, confined principally to some thirty-four brandy bottles and a dozen tumblers. Other bottles were accessible in a cloak room.—Things were not set out in quite as straightforward a way as they used to be four years ago in the committee room of the House devoted to the committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, where a whisky barrel was tipped on end and provided with a faucet and tin cup for all comers, but liquor flowed nearly as freely.

The effect showed slowly. From 8 to 10 it was noticeable that Senators were interrupting each other with great freedom and singular lack of coherence. Around certain seats men were shouting with laughter at the drunken babble of Senators who were leaving the room at intervals, measuring their drinks while absent, a Senator explained to me, by perpendicular, instead of horizontal, "fingers." From 10 on there could be no possible doubt about the condition of affairs on the floor, and two or three Senators' wives in the private gallery, among them the wife of an offending member, were giggling behind their fans over the "fun." Steps grew more unsteady, faces more flushed and interruptions more incoherent. A distinguished member strolled back and forth with that spongy and uncertain action of the knees which plaintively suggested that one foot or the other had been caught in a skein of sewing silk. His arms went around every man he met in some maudlin embrace, and both sides of his desk were needed when he rose to vote. There was another Senator, distinguished for his opposition to the pending bill, who displayed great anxiety "to strike out the second line of the word 'government'" (squeals of laughter); finally, by help of diligent whispering, a man prompting and supporting on each side, he gave his amendment correctly, and dropped back in a drunken stupor; the amendment was voted down; he woke, arose, repeated his amendment, (wild and uncontrollable merriment), repeated it the third time (Senators around him nearly crazy with mirth), and at last persuaded in his befogged mind he tottered from group to group, denouncing the unfairness of the vote on his amendment "while I was at dinner." He dined at 5. The amendment was voted on after 10. Still a third Senator, for thirty years the honored leader of a great party in a great State, passed from his seat to the cloak room and from the cloak room to his seat only by wide apart steps and supporting chairs, and when he reached his seat fell there into a drunken sleep in one of the pauses of a debate, in which he was endeavoring to join, and did join when he awoke—having slept with a man thundering at him two feet from his desk—with incoherent exclamations and doubtful answers to a simple, plain and easy question. There were other Senators less noisy and farther gone—one at full length on his desk and chair—legislating on the silver question as Congress insists on legislating on that and many other questions, eyes shut and mouth open.

The Bank of Germany holds \$119,000,000 in specie.

\$418,000,000 in specie is piled up in the Bank of France's vaults.

## PAYETTEVILLE FACTORIES.

[Payetteville Gazette.]

The other day a very important transaction took place in real property here, Messrs. H. &amp; E. J. Lilly buying as public vendue the two large and well-known Beaver Creek factories, located about seven miles from town. The sale involved a fortune in itself, the purchases involving about \$70,000 in the enterprise, as they became the owners of not only the two large factory buildings, with their machinery, but also all the assets of the company—stock on hand, all the personal property, teams, wagons, goods, &amp;c., &amp;c.

It is gratifying to feel that the citizens above named have an abiding faith in our future prosperity, as is evidenced by the large capital which they have entrusted to this manufacturing company; would that we might record instance after instance of a similar kind, until every factory site on every stream in this section should become resonant with the hum of busy machinery.

The Beaver Creek factories remain under the same direct management, Mr. John Shaw, one of our very best citizens and business men, remaining in his position as President, Mr. N. F. Holmes continuing as Superintendent, and Mr. A. A. Harrington, Jr., as store-keeper and Paymaster—both very efficient men.

It may not be amiss here to give some facts with regard to these two great manufacturing establishments: the old factory employs 83 hands, has 3,200 spindles, and 75 looms; it turns out 75,000 yards of sheeting and 3,000 pounds of yarn per month. The new factory employs 74 hands, has 2,800 spindles, 60 looms, and turns out 90,000 yards of cloth per month, and the two mills require for consumption a monthly supply of 63,000 pounds of cotton, or 125 five hundred pound bales.

These 157 operatives represent and support about 60 families, making up a population of 350 to 400, which comprises Beaver Creek village. This little hamlet is in many respects a remarkable settlement; in olden times the late Mr. John H. Hall used to insist on the practice of stretching a gigantic line along the street for general clothes-drying, and line and clothes would remain all night untouched; those who best know the people of Beaver Creek say that they have not lost the honesty of their ancestors, and that line and clothes would be as safe now as then—dishonesty is unknown in that bustling and peaceful spot. The place is now thrifty and flourishing, as quite a nice Methodist Church has been built there within the past year, and efforts are now being made to establish a public school, in which there is hope of aid from the Peabody fund.

Further southeast is Hope Mills, another flourishing factory, owned by Capt. T. C. Oakman, of which we design to give some facts shortly. May both he and Messrs. Lilly realize the greatest financial success from their enterprise, while they give labor and employment to the needy.

## SUFFERING IN PALESTINE.—It is said that the Jews in the Holy Land are reduced to a state bordering on starvation. Under the most favorable circumstances the Jews of Palestine can only make a precarious living. Intense misery now exists in Jerusalem, Tiberias, Safed and other localities, owing to various causes, prominent among which is the drain which the war has made in money, men and provisions on every portion of the Ottoman dominions. The war has produced a stagnation in trade, and the long continued drought has raised the necessities of life to famine prices.—Turkish rule has reduced Palestine to a wretched condition. The southern part of it is desolated by marauding bands of Arabs; there is no safety outside the large towns; the valley of the Jordan is an uninhabited waste; many of the streams have dried up in consequence of the cutting down of the forests; most of the reservoirs constructed by Solomon and Hebrew kings have from neglect become useless, and this in a country which, without irrigation, becomes dry and withers up. Sir Moses Montefiore has made an appeal to his fellow countrymen in behalf of his suffering race in Palestine. Christian governments should also use their influence with the Sultan to check the increasing depopulation and running off a land which ought to be dear to all Christians and Hebrews, and even Moslems, from its sacred associations.

## OLDEST MAN IN THE WORLD.

A merchant of St. Louis, who recently returned from a tour of South America, has given an account of a remarkable old man he saw in the city of Talca, Chili, whose name is Felix Rojas, and who has undoubtedly reached the age of 137 years. Rojas was born in 1740, and at an early age entered the army, holding the position of sergeant-major in a Spanish line regiment. When Carlos the Third issued the historic mandate expelling the Jesuits, Rojas took charge of two of the members of the Order and carried them from Lima to Santiago. He served forty-eight years in the Chilean army, and is thoroughly conversant with the minutest details of Chilean history for the last century and a half. Up to one year ago Rojas was remarkably vigorous for one of his venerable age, though for ten years he has been carried about in a portable chair in charge of two servants. For a year he has been failing rapidly, and now seldom leaves his house, his physician prescribing absolute quiet as the only means of prolonging his life. Occasionally he may be seen in his chair in front of his residence, and the passers-by pay him the greatest respect. He smokes a pipe, and has used tobacco steadily for 120 years. His eyes are quite weak now, but he has never used spectacles, and is generally able to read large print. He is not a large man, being scarcely five feet five inches in height, and never weighed more than 150 lbs. He is remarkably well proportioned, his head being unusually large and finely shaped.

Singular to relate, Rojas has lived to this ripe old age in spite of many vicissitudes and habits that are universally believed to abbreviate a man's term of life. From the age of twenty till he was seventy he was a habitual drinker, and for a long period of that time he was such a confirmed tippler that his health was seriously affected, and it was believed that he could not survive long. In 1780 he fought a bloodless duel with a fellow-soldier, and ten years later, in a similar encounter with another antagonist, he was so desperately wounded that it was two years before he fully recovered. At one time he suffered a double fracture of his right leg, by a caisson-wagon running over it. He was also wounded twice while fighting in battle. He has had the yellow fever, and has been repeatedly prostrated by other malarial fevers that prevail in all parts of South America. It seems very remarkable that one should be preserved to such an extraordinary age after passing through so many exciting adventures and accidents by field and flood. Rojas is the son of a Spanish nobleman, who fled his country for a political offense and settled in Chili under an assumed name. The son lived almost half a century before he found out the true history of his father, and upon the discovery he made a trip to Spain and succeeded in obtaining from the government the title and possession of valuable property which had been confiscated. This is the only voyage Rojas has ever made away from his native country. The venerable old man has ample means, and is surrounded by a numerous line of descendants, consisting of children, grand-children, great-grand-children, and great-great-grand-children.

## NOT AN UNLIKELY STORY.

Years ago Lord Lyons, then the English minister, imported a coachman. He was a first-class man, and it was not long before he was well known. Soon afterward he began trading horses and made a great deal of money. Following that he went into the grocery business in what is known as the old "First Ward" of Washington and accumulated more money. He married and soon came into his family. When the father died he left plenty of money, which his son inherited, succeeding him in the grocery business. The son was too proud, however, to stick to it, and he gave it up and invested his money in other ways. About the time the English coachman came here, a French cook, direct from France, arrived here and secured employment with the French Minister. He was also married, and had three or four daughters. Like the coachman, he amassed a great deal of money, and increased it by fortunate real estate speculations. He owned several squares of property in the neighborhood since bought up by Hallett Kilbourne's real estate pool. The son of the coachman married the daughter of the cook, and they are to-day the leaders of Washington society.—Hartford Times.

The widow of President Tyler assisted Mrs. Hayes in receiving her guests at a reception in the White House last Saturday.

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## THE MURDEROUS BAND.

THE STORY OF THE MURDER OF THE IRISH PEDDLER BY SOME OF THE BERRY LOWERY'S FELLOWS—TWO CITIZENS OF CHARLOTTE COME AFTER THE BODY—ONE OF THE BAND CAPTURED—HE MAKES A CONFESSION.

[From the Charlotte Observer, March 6th.]

Pat Gallagher and Peter McGowan left yesterday morning on the Wilmington train for the scene of the murder of their friend Brice, the Irish peddler, with the view of assisting in the investigation of the matter, and of bringing the body of Brice to this city.

Our correspondent writing from Clio, S. C., near the scene of the tragedy, gives the following:

Your correspondent has delayed writing that he might be able to give you all the facts in regard to the horrible murder committed last Monday in Red River township, Marlboro county, S. C. The evidence shows that between the hours of 8 and 10 o'clock last Monday, Francis Brice, an Irish peddler, was most cruelly murdered and robbed by two half-breed Indians from that famous den of infamy in Robeson county, N. C., known as Scuffletown, near which place the famous Lowery's operated some years ago. One of the present murderers was an active member of the band, but escaped punishment. The poor, inoffensive peddler had spent two days selling goods in the immediate neighborhood, and on Monday morning last started for the next neighborhood three miles away, across a marshy, low section on Little Pee Dee river. When but half a mile on his way, he was fired upon from a bush by the Locklear brothers, (Neil and John) with double barrel guns, each reserving one barrel. Several shot took effect. The peddler, however, attempted to gain the cover of a tree a few feet off, but before he reached it, the other barrels were fired at him when he fell, but almost regained his feet again, crying out at a high rate, when the murderers rushed upon him to finish the job. In his frenzy the peddler attempted to get his pistol from his belt, but failed, and before he could get it the murderers seized his stick, which he had dropped, and dealt him a terrible blow upon the head, dragged him about fifty steps from the road and left him concealed in some bushes, as they thought dead, but their work was incomplete. Several children passed the place during the day and heard a strange moaning, but were frightened and fled away.

When night came on the robbers returned to bury their dead and finish up their work. The grave of the murdered man was discovered at a late hour on Tuesday evening and opened on Wednesday morning, when the corpse was identified.

Neil Locklear turned State's evidence against his brother John, now at large, and disclosed the facts against him and others in regard to other robberies committed by this same band composed of these Scuffletown half-breeds and two negroes.

John Locklear has been connected with several murders and robberies, and is fully as bad a man as Henry Berry Lowery, though less cunning. Five years ago he robbed one Mendall, in Marion county, S. C., and was sent to the penitentiary at Columbia, but made his escape four months ago. He was arrested as an escaped convict on the day previous to the discovery of his last murder and placed in the hands of one Othello Harlee, a mulatto from Marion county, S. C., who came as a detective from Columbia to assist in the capture of the convict, but before he had traveled fifteen miles with his prisoner, he yielded to the tempter, and for a consideration turned the demon loose to feast upon blood and robbery. I think Harlee has been arrested in this State, but have not heard directly from the officer sent to arrest him.

Neil Locklear is but little better than his brother John, and is now in jail. Two negroes are connected with the band, one a convict who escaped from the penitentiary at the same time that John Locklear did. He calls himself Henry Jones, and is from parts unknown. Pompey Easterling was raised a slave in this county, but has hitherto eluded the clutches of the law by dodging across the State line.

This whole community is in a state of great excitement and dreads this new band as much as the Lowery band was dreaded. Several of the old Lowery abettors are believed to be connected with it. A number of robberies have been committed without suspicion until now.











